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THE VICTIM.

"THE END THEREOF IS DEATH."
I saw him at the festival board,
His bearing proud and high,
Health glow'd upon his manly cheek,
And pleasure in his eye.
He stood among the revellers
With one consent their chief,
With wine and song and merriment,
Dispelling care and grief.
I saw him in the banquet hall,
His lofty step and air
Wrought direful havoc 'mong the hearts
Of maidens young and fair;
And all who heard his gentle voice,
And saw his winning smile,
Knew well that in his open heart
There lurk'd no secret guile.
And who can know the joy that fill'd
The widow's mother's breast,
As on her sleeping son she gazed,
While on his couch of rest;
It were no sin to worship him—
The doting parent said,
So like is he to him I loved,
Who now is with the dead.
But oh, what changes time doth work
In every thing of earth—
We see its waning ravages,
Commencing with our birth;
Death and decay are written
On every human brow,
And those we lov'd in early youth,
O say, where are they now?
Years passed, and with them boyhood too—
Stern manhood came at length,
But the noble, high soul'd youth,
Had thrown away his strength;
His early hopes had perish'd,
His early friends were gone,
In deep and loathsome drunkenness
His life was passing on.
And where was the who bore him?
That marble slab will tell
How of a broken heart she died
When he first born fell;
The angry winds are sweeping o'er
Her grave below the hill,
Her cottage home is desolate—
All there is hush'd and still.
Time rolled along, again I stood,
A brother, at his side—
With horrid blasphemy he curs'd
Our mother's God and died.
Would ye not in perdition's gulf
At last be swallowed up,
Beware young man the tempter's snare,
The REVEL and the CUR.

LAST WORDS.

BY JAMES T. OSBURY.
When the receding shore
Of dearest home dims on the anxious sight,
The bravest hearts deplore
The parting of the soul—the shrouded light;
Still hope will peace restore,
As midnight mourners yearn for morning's light.
The drooping dowsy's die;
Leaves fade—the rippling rivulets are still;
Darkness o'erwhelms the sky,
E'en birds have ceased their sweet melodious
trill;
Yet spring will beautify,
And they return; for such is Nature's will.
These will again renew,
The birds their songs, the trees their leaves, the
flowers
Bloom in their rainbow hue;
And silver streams, fed by the summer showers,
Sing to the Heaven's calm blue;
But these are not of us, they are not ours.
Ours are the dearest ties:
Once fled, what voice the lost one can recall?
In climes beyond the skies
The spirit soars, too purified to fall.
Memory alone can rise
Upon the wings of Love,—yes, that is all.
The last, the trifling scene,
When friends are gathered round the silent bed;
When she, alone serene,
Smiles while her tears in agony are shed;
Shall we not comfort glean,
To know eternal bliss awaits the dead?
The kind familiar face
Yet miss we from our own domestic hearth;
We mourn the vacant space,
And all the sunshine of past joyous mirth.
No more can we replace
Her hearts loved above all things of earth.
The faint LAST WORDS we hear
From the fond lips of the departing one,
Whisper "She is not here!"
Assure us that forever she is gone.
Still will we hold them dear,
When remembrance fades, they're left to dwell
Upon.

THE CRUSADES.

Bright rose the sun over the hills of Palestine, and never, since the world had birth, did it rise on a brighter or more inspiring scene. There, her gorgeous palaces and beautiful temples bathed in the sunlight of an eastern morn, rose Jerusalem!

"Her towers, her domes, her pinnacles, her walls, Her glittering palaces, her splendid halls, Shown in the lustrous air like some bright dream, Wove by gay fancy from the beaming morn."

Jerusalem! What hallowed associations rush upon the mind at that name! Once, Queen of the East, and mistress of the world; unsurpassed in importance and unrivalled in splendor; the home and pride of Judea's sons. Now, the jackall howls where her kings reigned, and the crumbled marble, once marking where her warriors slept, now mingles with the whirling sands of Arabia.

Roll back the tide of time! Retrace the scroll of history to that epoch when Europe sent forth her noblest and her best, to battle with the Saracen, to rescue the sepulchre of their Redeemer from defilement and disgrace.

Under the city's walls were encamped the Army of the Cross. Companions in former wars, and victors in former battles, they had come determined to accomplish their errand, or die in the attempt. There were the flower and boast of Europe's chivalry. Steel hauberk and coat of mail gleamed in the sunbeams, and the trumpet's note of defiance rang on the morning air, with the taint of the Turkish cymbal. That pannon which had floated o'er the head of its gallant lord amid former conflicts of his house, now danced gaily to an Asiatic breeze. The emblem of an ancient line, it was not there to be dishonored; the cherished relic of past splendor its fair blazonry was not there to be stained or sullied.

Who would blame the enthusiasm which had thus led them forth to battle? Who can censure that piety which gave strength and sinew to their arms in the battle's shock, and was their last solace in the hour of danger and of death? Yet, there are those who call the age of chivalry an age of folly—who denounce the Crusades but as an act of madness. Madness and folly they may have been; unjust they certainly were; but who of us, had he lived in that day, would not have also bled the sacred emblem to his shoulder, and followed the crusading host to the holy land? The enthusiasm of the hermit of Amiens, the oratory of St. Bernard, and the commanding talents of Fulk, had successfully been used to spur them on to action. The commands of the papal prelate were imperative; were not these enough to impel them to almost any deed—But the Saracen's insulting heel was on the very sepulchre of their Lord! The Turk's proud foot spurned the dust once pressed by the meek foot-steps of Christ! Jerusalem was captive! Through her courts and palaces the Moslem strode in defiance, and reigned without rebuke. Were they Christians, and could they endure this? Were they knights, and could they brook it? Drawing the avenging steel, they swore never again to sheathe it, till their object was accomplished, or till the last drop of their life's blood had ceased to circle around those hearts which beat only for their honor and their God.

But why seek to excuse the Crusades by the motives which led to them? It is their consequences that gave them importance in history, and furnish ample apology for all their follies, if not for all their crimes.—Apology!

"Sleep, Richard of the lion heart, Sleep on, nor from thy cerements start," at the wrong done thy memory and thy name. But the age of chivalry has passed, like a bright vision of the morning.

If we contemplate for a moment the dreary picture which the civilized world presented in the age of the Crusades, and compare it with the succeeding, we must allow that the political advantages resulting from them were such as Europe will never cease to feel, so long as her hills shall stand, or her name be known.

Torn by intestine feuds, the western world was at that time the scene of the most bloody and atrocious wars that ever disfigured the page of history. The order and beauty of the social compact, like that of the ocean lashed to fury by the raging tempest, was lost in the wild vortex of raging passions and unbridled licentiousness. Law and right were neither respected nor obeyed. The sword was the only passport to greatness, and opened the only path to fortune and to honor. Human life was held but as the sport of any petty tyrant who chose to take it, and the frequent death-cry of the murdered rolled wildly up to an offended God.

Then came the Crusades. Glory, immortality, religion, all pointed with imploring finger to the scene of a Saviour's sufferings and death. Fame called upon her votaries to battle to the death with Paynim hosts; Religion upon her's to wipe for ever from the escutcheon of the Christian world, the deep, damning disgrace of allowing an unbelieving race to defile the land they loved, the sepulchre they adored. Then warring nations dropped their sword, and gave answer to the cry of vengeance. They came, the noble and the proud, the young and the old, rallying round the crimson standard. Unity of sentiment and community of interest have ever given birth to mutual kindness, and

"All those courtesies that love to shoot, Round virtue's steps, the flowers of her fruit." So was it then; and Europe, purified and enlightened from this and other causes flowing from it, woke from the lethargy which had so long bound her, and advanced rapidly toward that civilization and refinement which now ennoble and adorn her.

The effects of the Crusades upon literature, though not immediate, were no less salutary. Philosophers have moralized, scholars have wept, over the deplorable, the degrading ignorance of the tenth and eleventh centuries. Science slept. A death-like lethargy had come over her, which, like the sultry blast of an eastern noon, had palsied all her efforts, and withered all her energies. The spirit of poetry had long since fled. She seemed for ever to have forsaken those haunts she once loved so well, till the Troubadours, catching up the lyre, then shattered by Time's careless hand, struck from its long mute strings those strains which roused nations to arms, and a world to madness. Never was music more magically eloquent. The lyre which thrilled beneath a Homer's touch, or the lapses of the cygnet song, might have been sweeter; they could not have been more inspiring.—All Europe responded to the strains which swept over the land, and echoed through her old baronial halls.

Then commenced the restoration of letters in the West. The Troubadour's lay was but the prelude to the diviner strains of Boccaccio, a Petrarch, and a Dante. Song again revived, and from the blushing vine hills of France, from the castled crags of Scotland, from the wild glens of Switzerland, and the lovely vegas of romantic Spain, again ascended the poet's breathings, free as their mountain air. The very Crusades themselves, by furnishing the materials from which to weave the gorgeous fictions of the imagination, and by making the Crusaders acquainted with all the glowing imagery and fanciful decorations of oriental literature, gave an impulse to letters which will never cease to be felt, till man shall cease to appreciate and admire the beautiful and the sublime. Can it be, then, that the Crusades retarded the progress of literature? Rather, they cherished and promoted it, when the last flicker of the fire upon altar had nearly expired, in sadness and gloom.

Such were the holy wars, their causes, and their effects; and our feelings and sympathies cannot but be gratified at their final success.

It was sunset. The rich mellow light streamed in a thousand variegated hues over Oliver's green top, the holy city, and the Christian camp, till at last it met Bethesda's wave, blushing and sparkling in its embrace. Not a ripple disturbed its mirrored stillness, save when the bright-plumed bird stooped to lave his wing, or taste its refreshing coolness. Above, was the deep blue sky, so bright and clear that fancy could almost soar to the regions of the blest—could almost catch the harmonies of heaven. All was calm and beautiful. Even the stern sentinel, pacing his lonely round, for a moment relaxed his iron brow, and stopped to gaze upon the surpassing loveliness of that hour. But a far brighter sight met his eye, as he gazed upward, and saw the consecrated folds of the sacred banner floating in triumph over the walls and battlements of Jerusalem. Yes, that day had seen the city there, and the knightly, the good, the gallant Godfrey, as he bent to kiss the tomb he had rescued, was seen to dash away a tear of mingled gratitude, penitence, and veneration, and then to lift his hands in mental adoration to that Being who is ever the same, whether amid the burning sands of Syria, or the icy regions of the Pole. Thus should heroes conquer. Thus did the Crusaders. Blame not hastily their misdirected zeal. Censure not their holy enthusiasm. Præface not with sacrilegious touch the moss-grown tombs where their ashes sleep. Their faults were the faults of their age—their virtues all their own.—Knickerbocker.

FOUR FUNNY FELLOWS.

Theodore Cibber, in company with three others, made an excursion. Theodore had a false set of teeth—a second glass eye—a third a cork leg—but the fourth had nothing in particular, except a funny way of shaking his head.

They travelled in a post coach, and while on the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbor's infirmity, they agreed at every baiting place to affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast they were all to squint—and language cannot express how admirably they all squinted—for they went a degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they all appeared to have a cork leg, and their stumping about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf; but at supper, which was at the "Ship," at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in the farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber cried out to the waiter, "here, you fellow! take out my teeth." "Teeth, sir?" said the man. "Ay, teeth, sir. Unscrew that wire, and they'll come out together." After some hesitation the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner done than a second called out, "here you! take out my eye." "Sir," said the waiter, "your eye?" "Yes, my eye. Come here, you stupid dog! pull up the eyelid, and it will come out as easy as possible." This done, the third cried out, "Here, you rascal! take off my leg." This he did with less reluctance, being before apprized that it would be his last job. He was however, mistaken; the fourth watched his opportunity, and whilst the frightened waiter was surveying with rueful countenance the eye, teeth, and leg, lying on the table, cried, in a frightful, hollow voice, "come here, sir—take off my head." Turning round and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarin upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room; and after tumbling down stairs, he ran madly about the house, as if out of his senses.—*Flower of Anecdotes.*

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

We chanced two or three weeks since, to be descending the Miami Canal, from Dayton to this city, in the packet "Clarion," Capt. Brockaway, commander. The boat had overcome 25 or 30 miles distance, when the tramp of a horseman was heard upon the tow-path. In a minute a gallant steed was beside us, covered with foam and panting with the heat. On his back was a surly looking Dutchman, in years some forty-five or fifty, of middle stature, with short legs and still shorter stirrups, and sitting on his saddle very much as Sir Monkey rides his poney in the menagerie. His appearance quickly attracted the eyes of the crew and passengers, especially as his throat, well filled with dust and dried by the heat, gave utterance to sundry violent and incoherent sounds, which were ever and anon accompanied by a threatening flourish of a stout rod which he held in his right hand. At length we caught the words, "Mine dawter.—Captain, give me back mine dawter." The passengers began to look at the Captain of the "Clarion," who by the way is a modest looking, gentlemanly sort of a bachelor, to know what all this meant. The Captain protested he knew nothing of the Dutchman's "dawter." The old man kept bawling, most vehemently, "Mine dawter, give me mine dawter." The captain now stopped his boat, and called to the enraged horseman to come on board and take his "dawter." In an instant he had dismounted, tied his jaded steed to the fence, and was in the cabin of the boat. With a quick step and a hurried eye, he looked round—she was not there. He passed on to the ladies' cabin, searched it, but with no better success. He returned to the main cabin, and his eye rested upon a young German, asleep on a settee, who had probably escaped his notice as he passed through. "Love's young dream" was most unceremoniously disturbed, for the old man sprung at him like a tiger, caught him by the collar, and cried out, "You rascal, where's mine dawter?" The sleeping bridegroom stood upon his feet in utter amazement and affright, and instantly pointed to the ladies' cabin. The old man released him, again rushed into the ladies' cabin, searched it a second time, but without success.

By this time the captain of the Clarion having become impatient, ordered the boat to start, and the old dawter-hunter jumped on shore, and mounting his horse, kept by the side of the boat, calling out for his "dawter," and threatening to pursue the captain to Cincinnati, and there reclaim his runaway child, when he would give her "Garmany," shaking his rod most significantly towards the boat. We now learned that the fair runaway was a sober looking little Dutch girl, in a pink dress, who had eaten her dinner in silence, and who, upon hearing her father's voice, had by the aid of the ladies, concealed herself so effectually in the cabin, that her father, even by the aid of her craven lover, could not find her. We further learned that her parents were opposed to her marrying this young man, and that they had that morning eloped from Dayton, and having taken the canal boat, for greater speed, were on their way to some Gretna Green, in order to have the knot matrimonial duly tied. Presently, the old man resolved upon a new course of action, and set off full speed for Hamilton, to invoke the aid of the Sheriff in searching the boat for "mine dawter." The bridegroom, who had been "mightily scared" by the violence of the old man, now became more composed. He asserted that the young lady was nineteen years old, and inquired, with considerable anxiety, whether her father could take her back, even if he got the Sheriff. One of the passengers observing that his nervous system was a good deal disturbed, and desirous of having some sport, remarked in a suppressed tone, but so as to be heard by the groom, "It's a pity the old man has brought them big pistols with him; I fear there will be blood-shed." "Has he pistols?" inquired the groom in utter consternation, and passing quickly from the bow of the boat to the ladies' cabin, with his bundle of clothes in his hand, proposed to his lady-love that he should jump on shore, escape to the woods, and leave her to the tender mercies of her father, to be taken back to Dayton. But his lady-love had no idea of losing a husband and gaining the parental rod. She quietly put her foot upon the floor with much inefficiency, and said, "No, you shall do no such thing."

Here was a pretty quandary for a nervous lover to be in—pistols on one side, and a resolute young lady on the other. Flight was impossible—death seemed almost certain. The groom stood motionless and speechless. Some of the ladies in the cabin proposed that they should both leave the boat and take to the woods. This proposition suited the young lady exactly, and her gallant lover was ready for any expedient that would carry him from the aforesaid pistols. The boat was stopped, the lovers jumped on shore; the groom leading the way with one, the bride following with two bundles, in which were no doubt the bride dress and its necessary appurtenances. They crossed a bridge in hot haste, to get on the opposite side of the canal from the pistol-bearer, and made for the woods at the top of their speed, the groom leading the bride some twenty paces. The passengers rushed to the deck of the boat, and made the welkin ring with their shouts. One of them cried out, "You craven loon! carry your sweetheart's bundles, or we'll come and Lynch you." The flying lover took the hint, ran back, seized the largest of the young lady's brace of bundles, and again set off, full speed, for the woods. The bride pursued with all becoming alacrity, and just as they reached the edge of a copse, their speed was considerably quickened by one of the pas-

sengers crying out—"haste, haste, the old one is coming."

The boat had proceeded but a few hundred yards before we met the old man. The idea of such a flight as we had just witnessed, had occurred to him, and he turned round to watch the packet down to Hamilton. Upon being assured that his "dawter" and her lover had escaped from the boat, he put whip to his horse, and set off in pursuit of them, to the great amusement of the passengers, who united in opinion that they had now seen a *real runaway match*.

As yet we have been unable to learn the result of this youthful and loving flight. It proves once again, that the "course of true love never did run smooth," albeit, it now and then runneth very fast.

Cincinnati Chronicle.

MARRYING.

"Marry for love and work for treasure, Then spend your time in peace and pleasure."

If this principle generally prevailed, the earth would be a paradise; with no restless old maids, crusty old bachelors, and incongruous matches. But, alas, a more malignant star rules its luckless destiny. Riches is the grand incentive that moves the greater part of the world to worship at Hymen's altar; and the sly little archer but seldom penetrates the heart of his object unless his arrow be tipped with gold. The first question asked by the old folks respecting the suitor of a daughter is, *is he rich?* Is he rich? With many gay and thoughtless young daughters this, too, is the chief inquiry; and no wonder, when the parents are swallowed up in solicitude on this point alone. And with all light headed, lazy and haughty young men, wealth is the *great sine qua non*. There is no charm, no virtue, no accomplishment without it. Though she be as beautiful as Helen and virtuous as Lucretia, if she be not as rich as Croesus, the lonely damsel is left to sigh her life away in the shades of neglect.

Is this wise? is it just? reasonable? How many sighs are heard, how many tears are shed, how many hearts are broken, and how many lives are rendered unusually intolerable by this shocking mania? Intended unions are frustrated. The hectic flush, the hoarse cough, and premature death, follow in rapid succession. Connexions are formed by artifice or compulsion. Then comes domestic discord. Careless indifference, cold neglect, angry frowns, and fierce contention, succeed each other quick as thought, "but fly not half so quick away." Tongues, shovels, brooms, knives and forks, are made to play a curious game, for which they were not intended; and whiskey, waite, want, woe and wretchedness, close the drama.

These are not the picture of fancy. Would to heaven they were! They are drawn from real life—from scenes with which the world is but too familiar. The causes has already been told; and as a knowledge of this is half the cure, we will proceed to give the other half—the remedy. As in nature heterogeneous bodies never mix together harmoniously, so this idle to suppose that peace and happiness can result from principles so widely variant, in every respect, as vice and virtue—rudeness and refinement. Let, then, riches be a secondary consideration. Follow the dictates of reason; get into business, be temperate, industrious, and economical, and when you want a companion to share your joys and sooth your sorrows, make virtue, not property, the test of qualification. Dr. Johnson well observes, "he must expect to be wretched, who pays to beauty, riches or politeness, that regard which only pity can claim." Purple and fine linen may cover a vicious person; riches may take to themselves wings and fly away. But neither of these can make a brutish man a good husband, nor a foolish woman a good wife. Solomon says "it is better to dwell on the house-top, than to live with a contentious woman;" and it is certainly better to enjoy the sweets of "single blessedness" than to live with a swinish husband, though he feed in a golden trough. Then ask not, is he rich? is she rich? But is he virtuous? is he honorable? is he sensible? is he diligent in business? Is she prudent? and has qualities of mind and heart necessary for the management and happiness of a family? Let mutual respect, confidence and affection subsist, founded upon these qualifications, and a due conformity of temper and disposition; then form the matrimonial tie; and your days shall be prosperous and happy.

THE RICHES OF SOLOMON.

The word of God to Solomon was that he should excel all who had preceded him in both riches and wisdom, and that none should arise after him that should be his equal in these respects.

So far as relates to his wealth all will readily yield him the palm. We have no data from which to estimate his entire wealth—yet, from some part his income which is mentioned, and from a part of the treasure left by his father which is specified, we fix it far beyond that of any other prince mentioned in history.

The two articles of gold and silver, which David prepared for the temple and left to his son, besides the iron, brass, &c. &c. were 100,000 talents of gold, worth \$2,253,646,875, and one 1,000,000 talents of silver, worth \$1,569,946,997. Or the weight of the gold would be 5,280 tons and the silver 52,870 tons of pure coin. The gold would load a string of wagons, calculating fifteen hundred pounds to a load, and three rods in length for a team, sixty miles in length, and the silver six hundred miles in length. At the common rate of driving it would require twenty-two days for this caravan to pass a single bridge; three times as long as was the mighty army of Xerxes in passing the Hellespont. Were it all in

silver dollars, it would pave a street, twenty feet in width, two hundred and fifty-one miles in length.

Were it divided among the 250,000 citizens of New York, each man, woman, and child would receive \$15,294, through which each family would claim to be wealthy. Counting at the rate of 3,600 dollars per hour, and ten hours a day, allow three hundred counting days for the year, it would require three hundred and fifty-four men to count this in a year; while two at the same rate would count more than all the treasure of our late wealthy citizen Girard.

This was a part only of the treasure of this young prince by his father; surely a very fair beginning for a young man, lacking but a trifle of the whole national debt of England.—His annual income of pure gold after this, was 20,795,517 dollars, which could be only a small part of all his income; as he made silver like the stones in the street in abundance, and all the kings of the earth poured their treasures at his feet, no part of which probably was reckoned in this sum. David ascended the throne poor, and reigned forty years; reckoning only that part of his treasure mentioned above, his annual income must have been about 100,000,000 dollars. But David was scarcely mentioned as a rich man, while Solomon was so rich as to make his age emphatically the golden age, as silver was of little or no value on account of its abundance, and the prevalence of gold. At the least calculation, then, we may set his yearly income at twice the amount of David's—viz. 200,000,000; which reckoning out the Jewish festivals and Sabbaths, would amount to nearly a million per day.

How would the income of the French king—the modern Croesus—compare with this?—*Advocate and Journal.*

THE LIFE OF AN EDITOR.

The following paragraph is taken from an English paper, and presents a just view of the difficulties which attend the life of an editor of a newspaper, who is always obliged to cater for an almost infinite variety of appetites. It reminds one of the hapless flying fish in the tropics, who is eagerly chased while in his native element, by voracious bonitas and dolphins—and when it makes use of its wings to escape from its persevering enemies, and rises into the air, a host of the feathered tribe are waiting to pounce upon and devour him. "An editor cannot step without treading on somebody's toes. If he expresses his opinion fearlessly and frankly, he is arrogant and presumptuous; if he merely states facts without comment, he dares not avow his sentiments. If he conscientiously refuses to advocate the claims of an individual for office, he is accused of personal hostility."

"A jackanapes who measures off the words into verse, as a clerk does tape by the yard, hands him a parcel of stuff that jingles like a parcel of rusty nails and a gimblet, and if the editor is not fool enough to print the nonsense, 'stop my paper, I won't patronize a man that is no better judge of poetry!' One murmur because his paper is not literary enough, one would have the type so small that a microscope would be indispensable to every family; another threatens to discontinue his paper unless the letters are half an inch long. In fact, every subscriber has a plan of his own for conducting a Journal, and the labor of Gisyphus was recreation, compared with that of an editor who undertakes to please all."

ARABIAN IDEA OF WOMEN.

The Arabians hold women in rather lower estimation, as appears by the following expression of their general views in this respect by Lane:

"The wickedness of women is a subject upon which the stronger sex among the Arabs, with an affected feeling of superior virtue, often dwell in common conversation. That women are deficient in judgement or good sense is held as a fact not to be disputed even by themselves as it rests on an assertion of the Prophet; but that they possess a superior degree of cunning is pronounced equally certain and notorious. Their general depravity is pronounced to be much greater than that of man. 'I stood,' said the Prophet, 'at the gate of Paradise; and lo, most of its inmates were the poor; and I stood at the gate of Hades; and lo, most of its inmates were women.' In allusion to women, the Calif Omar said, 'consult them and act the contrary of what they advise.' But this is not to be done merely for the sake of opposing them, or when other advice can be had. 'It is desirable for a man,' says a learned Imam, 'before he enters upon any important undertaking, to consult ten intelligent persons among his particular friends; or if he have no more than five such friends, let him consult each of them twice; or if he have not more than one friend, he should consult him ten times, at ten different visits; if he have not one to consult, let him return to his wife and consult her, and whatever she advises him to do, let him do the contrary; so shall he proceed in his affair and attain his object.' A truly virtuous wife is of course, excepted in this rule; such a person is as much respected by Moslems as she is (at least according to their own account) rarely meet with by them. When woman was created, Satan were told, was delighted, and said, 'Thou art half of my host, and thou art the depository of my secret; and thou art my arrow which I shoot and miss not.'—Lane.

"Variety is the spice of life," said a Shoe Maker, as he was chewing wax leather and tobacco all at once.